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Class of '27

THE CIRCLE

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Affectionately dedicated

to

Miss Helen Frances Burt

by

The Class of 1927

MISS HELEN FRANCES BURT

ABBOT HALL

AS SEEN FROM DRAPER HALL

MISS BERTHA BAILEY, Principal

DRAPER HALL

SENIORS

Senior Class Officers

K. KEANY
Secretary

H. SULLIVAN
Treasurer

S. WHITE
President

F. SKINNER
Vice-President

HELEN MONETA AMESSE

"Amesse" "Ima"

Denver, Colorado

Smith — Two years

Arm band '26, '27 — Baseball numerals '26
Class Book Board '27 — Spanish Play '27
Fidelio '26 — Captain Baseball Team '26
Class Basketball Team '26

A cascade of quips and a hearty laugh foretells the appearance of Amesse. She is one happy-go-lucky member that bucks up in the middle of class meetings and turns all our thoughts topsy-turvy in a whirlpool of mirth. But Helen has a serious side too: she puts all her Western enthusiasm into the business management of the CIRCLE.

MARY HAMILTON AYERS

Akron, Ohio

Connecticut — Three years

Class Treasurer '25 — Arm Band '24, '25, '26
Vice-President A. C. A. '27 — Arm Bar '24, '25, '26
Bible Group Leader '26 — Student Council '27
Philomatheia '26, '27 — Fidelio '26
Secretary-Treasurer Philomatheia '26, '27
Advisory Board '27

We usually think of Mary as one of our quieter members; we have heard, however, that when she and her fair "Coz" are together, there is no end of mirth. Mary is the dependable type, ever willing and glad to help a friend. She must be an excellent accountant by this time; last year she dealt with the class pecuniary affairs; this year she has been collecting dues and managing Philomatheia's financial ends. We will always remember your smile, Mary — and those dimples.

BETTY LEE BURNS

"Lee"

Indianapolis, Indiana

Two years

Arm Band '26, '27 — Senior Play '27
Odeon '27 — Head of Riding '27
Athletic Council '27

Lee — a little name for a little girl! But, what a dynamo is contained within that little self! Where she keeps it we couldn't tell you, we just cannot see where there is any room. When Lee is around, there is bound to be a ray of sunshine somewhere no matter how dark the weather or our mood. Her "heh-heh" can make anyone forget all her troubles. To see Lee sitting on a horse is a sight for sore eyes! It hardly seems possible that such a small person can manage a great big beast; but you should see her! Lee, with her purposely unpowdered nose, lighted the path of our endeavor all through the winter.

PRISCILLA CHAPMAN

"Prip"

Winchester, Massachusetts

Class Book Board '27 — Spanish Play '25
Senior-Mid Play '26 — Senior Play '27
Draper Dramatics '26 — Fidelio '26
Odeon '27 — Arm Band and Bar '26

Prip, how on earth can you always be so cheerful and have a pleasant remark for one and all. It surely is your outstanding characteristic and a fine one too. Next year the maids will be relieved not to have to trot so many special deliveries from Hanover, N. H. up to the third floor. You will have to continue keeping track of Squint's wise cracks next year, and tell us about them at our first reunion. They are too good to loose rack of.

CHARLOTTE EVELYN CHASE

Andover, Massachusetts

Wellesley — Four years

Spanish Play '27

Charlotte is one of the girls whom nothing seems to worry. "Happy-go-lucky" surely ought to be her middle name. She loves flowers, especially when they are in the "bud". Her favorite hobby is collecting pins of every description. Whose will you wear tomorrow, Charley? When you leave Abbot we advise you to sign with the New York Giants for you surely ought to be able to knock plenty of "homers"!

MARGARET ANNE CREELMAN

"*Peggy*"

Laneville, Connecticut

Vassar — Three years

Q. E. D. '26, '27 — Honor Roll '25, '26, '27

Vice-President A. A. A. '27

Class Hockey Team '27

German Play '25 — Hockey Numerals '25

Posture Honor Roll '25, '27 — Arm Band '25, '27

Athletic Council '27 — Senior-Mid. Play '26

Draper Dramatics '26 — Student Council '27

Senior Play '27 — Chairman Merit Committee '27

Peg has the most dangerous job in the school — one that requires a great deal of courage and a never-ending sunny nature. She is really quite a heroine. Putting up the mail — yes that's it. Just try having one hundred and thirty odd girls watch your movements three times a day, ready to take the fiercest form of revenge on you if you do not hand them each a letter. See how long you'd remain good-natured! Peg is a lady of letters, also; in the sense that she is a very active contributor to the *Courant*. In fact, the class boasts of Peg as one of its few intellectuals.

NATALIE CUSHMAN

"Nat"

Danvers, Massachusetts

Three years

Arm Band '25	Class Treasurer '25
Track Team '25	Fidelio '25, '26
Track Numerals '26	Second Hockey Team '26
Calendar Committee '27	Senior Play '27

Why is everyone going to Nat's room? She has just returned with a home-made cake and, as usual, is sharing it with the corridor. Nat's just as ready to offer her services to her friends, as she is to share a piece of cake. And she is good-natured with it all. If anyone has need of Nat in the afternoon, she usually can be found in the *Food Shoppe* getting rid of odd pence and nickels.

MARGARET THURSTON CUTLER

"Peg"

Andover, Massachusetts

Wellesley	Four years
French Play '24	Spanish Play '24
Senior Play '27	Posture Honor Roll '25, '26

Peg seems to favor, or to be favored by, the letter "C". Her ever changing style of hair cuts, her smart, modish clothes, and her two Cadillacs, as well as the initial letter of her name, certainly show a partiality for that third letter of the alphabet. She even had the name of Carlos in the Spanish play — to add another "C" to her collection — and in this role she was indeed a very romantic and bold lover. Although she is always scrapping with a certain blond haired, blue-eyed little girl, her disposition is very amiable and likeable.

LOUISE PIERCE DECAMP
"Decem"
Winchester, Massachusetts
Three years
Fidelio '25, '26 Choir '26, '27
Treasurer A. A. A. '27 Athletic Council '26, '27
Posture Honor Roll '26, '27
Bible Group Leader '26
Posture Committee '26 Baseball numerals '26
Basketball numerals '25, '26, '27

"Emma"! Shortly after hearing this familiar name, we usually see Decem appearing in one of her frequent searches for Ruth. Decem does not, however, spend all her time hunting. Many mornings we hear her warbling forth from the music room, rehearsing for her next public appearance. We always look forward to her solo with great anticipation. But Decem has a tendency to contract a cold on the Friday evening before the recital. The few times that she has failed to convince authorities that she had a cold, we have enjoyed her singing. We advise "Smith Brothers", Decem!

GERTRUDE HOLLEY DRUMMOND
"Gertie"
Bronxville, New York
Smith Three years
Vice-President Class '25 Hockey numerals '25
A. D. S. '26, '27 English V Plays '25
A. D. S. President '27 Honor Roll '25, '27
A. D. S. Play '26, '27
Northfield delegate '25, '26, '27
Chairman Entertainment Committee '27
Tennis Numerals '26 Fidelio '25, '26, '27
Tennis Team '27 President Fidelio '26, 27
Senior-Mid Play '26 Choir '26, '27
French Play '26 Senior Play '27
Draper Dramatics '26
Chairman Prom Committee '27

To whom do we always turn when a difficulty arises? Answer: Gertie. And we are seldom disappointed as she seems to have an endless supply of knowledge and skill. Gertie is also one of our tennis stars; it was with the help of her steady game that we were able to tie Bradford this fall. Her ambition is to become a surgeon, and, as she usually succeeds in all that she attempts, we are expecting great operations. Go to it, Gertie!

HELEN DYER
"Dyer"
Brookline, Massachusetts
Four years

French Play '26 Senior-Mid Play '26
Draper Dramatics '26 Senior Play '27
"A" Society '26, '27 Secretary A. A. A. '27
President of "A" Society '27
Athletic Council '26, '27
Head of Riding '26 Arm Band '26
Calendar Committee '27 Philomatheia '26, '27
Baseball numerals '23, '24, '25, '26
Basketball Team '25
Volley Ball '26 Posture Honor Roll '26, '27
Second Basketball Team '24, '26, '27

"You can't come inside the rope, on pain of death, do you hear!" No, these were not the words of Charles, roping off the circle, but of our own Dyer in the famous rôle of a praetorian guard. We can never forget her successful presentation of that rôle in the Senior-Mid plays and later in the Draper Dramatics. Helen has starred in athletics as well as in dramatics. As head of riding and of the "A" Society, she has been a capable leader. Favorite tricks of Helen's are hand springs, cart wheels and fancy skating — she does these admirably — much to the amusement of the spectators. Last, but not least, she is a member of the very exclusive "Bachelor's Club".

KATHERINE MAUDE FARLOW
"Kay" *"Tommy"*
Andover, Massachusetts
Five years

Arm Band '22 Hockey Team '23, '24, '25, '26
"A" Society '23, '24, '25, '26, '27
Hockey numerals '23, '24, '25, '26
Captain Hockey Team '27 Athletic Council '26
Winter Carnival Committee '27

What? Did Kay go to that *Tech* dance last night! But she was always wide awake, especially for hockey practice in the afternoon. Kay was one of our fastest hockey players as well as the captain; she is noted for her speedy dashes from goal to goal midst mud and puddles on the field. Kay kept up training by daily walking that mile — we do not doubt, sometimes running it — between her home and Abbot.

ELLEN CLEMENTINE FAUST

Jewett City, Connecticut

Wellesley — Five years

Baseball numerals '23 — Arm Band '23
Hockey Team '25, '26, '27 — Arm Bar '23
Hockey numerals '24, '25, '26, '27
"A" Society '25, '26, '27
Class President '25, '26 — A. D. S. '26, '27
A. C. A. Treasurer '26 — A. D. S. Play '26, '27
Bible Group Leader '26 — Northfield delegate '25
French Play '24 — Advisory Board '26
Honor Roll '24 — Class Cheer Leader '26
Merit Committee '27 — Fidelio '24, '25
First Vice-President Student Council '27
Senior Play '27 — Choir '26, '27

Ellen is one of our five year girls. This year, as vice-president of Stu. G., she helped Mim make the school run smoothly. Ellen sings well — few people realize this fact, for she "hides her light under a bushel." For three years she has played wing on the hockey team — it won't seem the same without her. Ellen is going abroad this summer with Emily Lyman — that is a combination that needs no explanation! We know they will have rare experiences.

JANE DARE FITCH

New London, Connecticut

Connecticut — Three years

Class Basketball Team '25, '26, '27
Posture Honor Roll '26, '27
Entertainment Committee '26
Secretary-Treasurer Les Beaux Arts '26, 27

Jane is a portrait herself. Just look at that face. Then look further; you will find that she can draw portraits too. How many pieces of charcoal has Jane transformed into striking likenesses of the girls? Go into the homes of Abbot girls, and count the neat drawings framed over their mothers' tables! We're looking forward to a rare exhibition in the John Esther Art Gallery, Jane!

DOROTHY LILLIAN FRENCH

"Dot"

Waterbury, Connecticut

Wellesley — Two years

Advisory Board '27

Entertainment Committee '26

Northfield Delegate '26 — Arm Band '26, '27

Hiking Leader '27 — Fidelio '26, '27

Senior Play '27 — Odeon '27

Prom Committee '27

Everybody loves Dot — how could one help loving such a sweet, smiling, dark-eyed Dot? We know that this love for her has even extended as far as the frozen north! Room 36 is always a welcome gathering place where its frequenters are often entertained by the daily "Dartmouth"; Dot says she cannot imagine who the sender can be — we can easily guess!

PERSIS CHRISTINE GOODNOW

"Puss"

Keene, New Hampshire

Wellesley — Two years

Q. E. D. '26, '27 — Senior-Mid Play '26

Vice-President Q. E. D. '27 — Senior Play '27

Posture Honor Roll '26, '27

Draper Dramatics '26

Honor Roll '27 — Class Hockey Team '27

Arm Band '27 — Carnival Committee

Indeed she is beautiful, but not at all dumb! Just ask her to show you her Math marks. Puss is one of the most versatile members of the class. She shines in her studies there; when the day's work is over, she shines in athletics. Those pigtails, bobbing up and down the hockey field, are unforgettable. Then, again, she shines socially. What would a prom be without Puss? Another one of Puss's charms is her delightful, incomparable laugh that runs up and down the scale, then suddenly stops. And, Puss, why do you get so embarrassed?

JANE PHILLIPS GRAVES

"Red"

Concord, New Hampshire

Wellesley — Two years

Baseball Numerals '26 — Philomatheia '27

Fidelio '26, '27

Jane is our one and only senior who has a crowning glory of soft red hair — not too red, but just enough to make her different. In opposition to the rule that a bad disposition is the ever-present attendant of red hair, Jane has one of the mildest, best dispositions of anyone in the class. Philomatheia must be proud to have such a brilliant physicist in its roll.

RUTH EVELYN HARVEY

"Emma"

Medford, Massachusetts

Three years

Arm Band '27 — A. D. S. '27

Class Hockey Team '27 — A. D. S. Play '27

Posture Representative '26, '27

Senior Mid Play '26

Draper Dramatics '26 — Senior Play '27

To Ruth we owe any amusement that crops up from the class. Hardly a day goes by that Ruth doesn't make a remark that convulses the entire class. She is quite an accomplished actress, too, and we shall always remember her in the Senior Play as Miss Phoebe; Phoebe of the ringlets. She played her part extremely well, and seemed to enjoy doing it. Although *Phoebe* scorned followers, we are not so sure about Ruth. From what we have heard, we are pretty certain that her *followers* are numerous.

JUNE MEREDITH HINMAN

Andover, Massachusetts

Wellesley — Five years

Arm Band '23 — Elocution Plays '25, '26
Class Treasurer '24 — Senior-Mid Play '26
German Play '25 — Prom Committee '27
Honor Roll '23, '24, '25, '26, '27
Third Vice-President Student Council '27

June, another one of the five-year girls, is quite intimate with the Honor Roll. She has a tendency to favor insects, especially mosquitoes and grasshoppers. Have you ever asked June why she buys *Judge* so faithfully? She reads it too. We will always have to stretch our imaginations as to June's boyish bob — she never did come to the point of shearing her hair all off. June, when you do cut it, won't you send us your picture, so we will know just how it does look?

MIRIAM HOUDLETTE

"Mim"

Melrose Highlands, Massachusetts

Two years

Odeon '26, '27 — President Student Council '27
Head of Volley Ball '26 — Hiking Leader '27
Hockey Team '27 — Northfield Delegate '26, '27
Hockey Numerals '26 — Arm Band '26, '27
"A" Society '27 — Senior Play '27

What's the drumming? Oh, that's Mim. She is just letting off steam by drumming on her practice pad — a sign of an urgent Stu. G. meeting coming soon! It would be hard on us if she didn't have that pad. Mim's skill in drumming is no greater than her skill in managing heels, sleeves, and silk stockings. Mim is interested in writing — off and on; but, between you and me, those curls are too rare to waste on any such drab existence. In case she finds trouble in choosing her life work, as she did in choosing between her beloved basketball and hockey, we won't worry about her, as she does everything equally well.

EMILY LOUISE HOUSE

South Manchester, Connecticut

Two years

Arm Band '26	Fidelio '26, '27
Arm Bar '26	Senior Play '27

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." Emily is all of that. If we ever need anything, we are always sure that Emily will gladly supply our wants. At Intervale, how many of us were saved from disgrace by being able to darn our torn stockings with cotton that Emily had remembered to take along! If, in a few years, we pass a small, cozy house with flower gardens on all four sides, we may be almost certain that Emily lives there, happily settled, with flowers in every available vase within.

PAULINE HUMESTON

"Polly"

Huntington, Long Island, New York

Wellesley	Three years
Arm Band '25, '27	Advisory Board '26, '27
Entertainment Committee '25	
	A. D. S. '25, '26, '27
English V Play '25	Class President '26
Fidelio '25	A. D. S. Treasurer '26
Bible Group Leader '26	Class Book Board '26
Senior-Mid Play '26	A. D. S. Play '26, '27
Northfield Delegate '26	Choir '26
Posture Honor Roll '26	Student Council '27
A. C. A. President '27	Senior Play '27

Polly looks and often acts like the kid brother, and a clever one at that. Just watch her twirl a lasso, and slide across the floor on a rug. Then, too, she's "Billy Sunday". In between times, she is a most desirable young woman, yes even at eighteen; you should hear her talk! Running beneath all these personalities, as the connecting links, are her enthusiasm and determination, ever ready for the battle, pleasant or otherwise, accordingly acting as her sense of right demands. We are sure that the Hindman School enjoyed its Christmas box much more this year because our president of A. C. A. packed so much of her enthusiasm into it.

KATHARINE JOSEPHINE KEANY

"Kay" "K-K"

Andover, Massachusetts

Vassar — Four years

Posture Committee '24 — Class Secretary '27
Honor Roll '24, '25, '26 — Odeon '26, '27
Class Secretary '25 — Arm Band '25, '26
Posture Honor Roll '24, '25 — Senior Play '27
Draper Dramatics '26 — President Odeon '27

If you should happen to pick up anyone of the many books which lie in the cloak room of McKeen, it would probably be Kay's. She has so many, all of them bulging with papers and notes. They look very businesslike, but they are there for a purpose; Kay is the secretary of our famous class, and she is also president of Odeon. Although she does not take up very much room, Kay will leave a large gap next year.

LOIS ISABEL KIMBALL

"Lo", "Loco"

Summit, New Jersey

Two years

Basketball Team '26, '27 — "A" Society '26, '27
Basketball Numerals '26, '27 — Fidelio '26
Class Treasurer '26 — Senior-Mid Play '26
Class Book Board '26 — Les Beaux Arts '26, '27
Secretary Student Council '27 — Senior Play 27
Editor-in-chief of Class Book '27
President Les Beaux Arts '26, '27

We ought to call her "Hi", instead of "Lo", as she certainly rivals the South Church steeple in being up among the clouds. This distinctive characteristic is exceedingly fortunate in basketball. Weren't we thrilled when Lo got the jump unfailingly last Bradford Day! "Among the clouds" is no phrase to apply to Lo's temperament. She is right down to brass tacks. The class of '27 is grateful for this fact, as the CIRCLE is partly due to Lo's executive ability. Witness the drawings of this book and judge for yourself Lo's artistic skill. She is an ideal founder of "Les Beaux Arts". What would we do without her? We wouldn't!

NANCY PAGE KIMBALL

"Nan" "Nance"

Waban, Massachusetts

The Nursery Training School of Boston

Two years

Fidelio '26 — Baseball Numerals '26
Arm band '26 — Senior-Mid Play '26
Philomatheia '26, '27 — Draper Dramatics '26
President Philomatheia '27 — Senior Play '27
Hiking Leader '27 — Class Book Board '27
Posture Honor Roll '26, '27
Entertainment Committee '27

Little Miss Nancy is all "whys?" and "hows?" but that is why we like her. Always the same is our Nancy, never cross or grumpy. And she is conscientious, too, in everything she does from studies to going to play rehearsals. One morning we heard an odd squeal from the Chapel steps; it was only Nancy, who suddenly read from a letter that she was to go abroad this summer. We wish her the best of luck, and send her forth with our love. We only hope that she will put off falling in love until she returns, for fear that she may live abroad forever.

MARY ROE KNIGHT

"Sis"

Monroe, New York

Vassar — Two years

Arm Band '26 — Volley Ball Numerals '26
Senior-Mid Play '26 — Draper Dramatics '26
Advisory Board '27

Mary Roe may be quiet — but isn't it something to have a quiet person around for a change when one is among girls who are, for the most part, at the gushing age? And what counts most is that inside Mary's head is a brain that many of us would like to have. It not only issues forth poetry, but a rare wit at all times. Betty says that you just can't quarrel with her — for the main reason that she is always right. Many have not stopped, even yet, to look up surprised when she walks into the Senior Parlor. It is only when the *Courant* comes out or she makes some wise remark that we realize that she is a far better Senior than a lot of us. Be sure and have a funny poem ready for us for our first reunion, Mary Roe.

MARJORIE KNOWLTON

"Peggy"

Andover, Massachusetts

Wellesley — Five years

Class Treasurer '24 — Arm Band '23
Spanish Play '27 — A. D. S. '25, '26, '27
Senior-Mid Play '26 — A. D. S. Play '25, '26, '27
Student Council '27 — Senior Play '27

Peg is "Crazy over Horses, Horses, Horses." She is not terribly domestic, but she does like to cook. As for acting — Peg can impersonate any character from an innocent little girl to the inquisitive Mrs. Stubbs. Rumor says that she was an awfully good roommate up at Intervale, and that she helped make her own bed the first night — it was pretty cold that first night, too! Next year we certainly shall miss the sight of Peg, before the mirror in the dressing room, arranging the front part of her crowning glory.

EDNA LOUISE MARLAND

Ballardvale, Massachusetts

Jackson College — Five years

Fidelio '24, '25, '26, '27 — Senior Mid Play '26
Volley Ball Numerals '26 — Senior Play '27
Draper Dramatics '26
Honor Roll '23, '24, '25, '27

Edna is one of the old standbys of our class, always doing her work so diligently, as an Abbot girl should, a quality which many of us lack utterly. She will do anything for you, and can be found, when needed, holding down one of those big comfortable chairs in the Senior Parlor. She has also been seen on the Abbot stage, wrapped in a cloak of mystery. We wish you all kinds of success, Edna, next year at Jackson — we mean Tufts College.

SYLVIA PARKER MILLER
"Jerry"
Germantown, Pennsylvania
Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy
Three years

Fidelio '25, '26 Basketball Numerals '25, '26, '27
Choir '27 Basketball Team '26, '27
Arm Band '26 Captain Basketball '26, '27
"A" Society '26, '27 A. D. S. '27
Secretary-Treasurer "A" Society
A. D. S. Play '27
Class Secretary '26 Athletic Council '27
Class Book Board '27 School Cheerleader '27
Entertainment Committee '27 Senior Play '27
Chairman Tea-Dance Committee '26
Volley Ball Numerals '26 Prom Committee '27
Carnival Committee '27

Jerry has proved herself an able actress of ruddy-cheeked young men! Why was she not a blonde! Her "a-haw" in *Quality Street* will be an amusing memory of Jerry's many funny acts of fame. Another memorable deed is her able captaincy of the Basketball Team this year. For one who lives so far away, Jerry certainly knows an astonishing number of our neighbors on the Hill — would that more of us were as easily befriended!

HARRIET ESSELSTYN NASH
"Hen"
Washington, D. C.
Two years

Fidelio '26, '27 Captain Tennis Team '27
"A" Society '26, '27 Tennis Singles '26, '27
French Play '26 Tennis Doubles '26
Senior-Mid Play '26 School Cheer Leader '27
Q. E. D. '27 Athletic Council '27
Honor Roll '26, '27 Class Cheer Leader '27
Senior Play '27

Hen can really do almost anything with superlative ability. Her capacity for activities extends from cleaning a room to playing the piano. Her particular hobby is tennis, and collecting tennis trophies. Hen's mind involuntarily turns every thing she does to music; as a result, she can write the most eloquent poetry. What would Abbot have done without Hen to write new songs and often even the music! We question whether she will continue a musical career, or give up that achievement for the life of a poetess and author.

RUTH MARGARET NASON

Medford, Massachusetts

Two years

Senior-Mid Play '26 — Draper Dramatics '26
Arm Band '26 — Senior Play '27
Fidelio '26 — Posture Honor Roll '27
Secretary-Treasurer Odeon '27 — French Play '26
Odeon '27 — Advisory Board '27
Prom Committee '27

Ruth is the one and only violinist in the class, but, even with this distinction, she rarely plays for us. Such modesty! As the *dashing Mr. Brown* in "Quality Street" Ruth made a regular hit. Such proposing as she did do — and how the ladies fell for it — such a quiz! Ruth is a great walker too, and as our hiking leader, has lead many a band of Abbot girls over rough Lovejoy Road and mountainous Mill's Hill.

MARGARET NAY

"Peg"

Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts

Four years

Class Treasurer '24 — Baseball Numerals '25, '26
Northfield Delegate '25 — Bible Group Leader '26
Class Vice-President '26 — Q. E. D. '26, '27
Second Vice-President Student Council '27
Fidelio '25, '26, '27 — Student Council '26
Senior Play '27

Many have envied Peg the lofty lookout from her bay window where she may view, undisturbed, any visitors to this cloister, and she was very generous in loaning her window seat to others less fortunate when Andover swooped down on us last fall. Peg has caused many a questioning look when her hair began to branch out — no she was not letting it grow; she merely insists on her special barber in Wood's shop in Boston. Peg's frequent sojourns home on pretenses of illness seem to replenish an already overflowing wardrobe. When Peg gets out her typewriter, dons her glasses and starts ticking off sheets of theses, we begin to believe she'll be a stenographer — but time alone will tell.

RUTH MASON PERRY

Andover, Massachusetts

Wellesley — Five years

Arm Band '23 — Class Secretary '24

Arm Bar '23, '24, '25, '26

Class Vice-President '25

Honor Roll '23, '24, '25, '26, '27 French Play '26

Senior-Mid Play '26 — Draper Dramatics '26

Senior Play '27 — Hockey Team '27

Courant Board '27 — Class Hockey Team '26

"A" Society

Wide spread footprints extending toward Abbot on a road of newly fallen snow, are merely signs that Ruth has just completed her final dash for Chapel — she rarely fails to beat Father Time too! This is only one of her victories. Her marks rise like a perennial thermometer — every June we look back upon Ruth's record of grades above the 90° mark — right at the top of the Honor Roll list. Ruth, do you gain wisdom on your jaunts about Andover?

ALICE ROGERS

"Squint"

Winchester, Massachusetts

Three years

Arm Band '25 — Les Beaux Arts '26, '27

When loud bursts of laughter are heard coming forth from a table or from a classroom, nine chances out of ten, Squint is there. She has a faculty of making very naive, and, shall we add, unintentionally naive remarks. But they certainly have broken the monotony of many recitations, and we are grateful to her for the many gloomy moments which she has made cheerful. We do not mean to insinuate that all her remarks are simple: she certainly can be brilliant when she stops to think about it. Squint, we really do envy you for your unusual wit.

LUCY COBURN SANBORN

Andover, Massachusetts

Bryn Mawr Five years

Hockey Numerals '24, '25, '26 Arm Band '23
Hockey Team '24, '25, '26, '27
Croquet Team '27 Arm Bars '23, '24, '25, '26
Volley Ball Numerals '26
"A" Society '24, '25, '26, '27
Posture Committee '27
Athletic Council '27 President A. A. A. '27
Student Council '26, '27 Philomatheia '26, '27
Third Vice-President Student Council '26
Class President '25 Class Vice-President '24
Honor Roll '23, '24, '25, '26, '27
Senior-Middle Plays '26 Draper Dramatics '26

Lucy is our class mystery. How she can perfect herself in all sorts of sports and yet keep her marks above the Honor Roll line is completely baffling! She has proved, however, that she is our champion sportswoman. As president of A. A. A., Lucy has helped start a fairer point system; instigated a winter carnival and kept up a live interest in all-year sports. As for her other activities — her long list speaks for itself!

FLORA ELLIOT SKINNER

"Flo", "Flori"

Wakefield, Massachusetts

Mount Holyoke Four years

Class Vice-President '26 Student Council '27
Athletic Council '26 Head of Baseball '26
Hockey Team '24 Second Hockey Team '25
Hockey Numerals '23, '24, '25, '26
French Play '26 Advisory Board '26
"A" Society '24, '25, '26, '27
Northfield Delegate '24, '25
Bible Group Leader '24, '25, '26
Fidelio '24, '25, '26, '27 Philomatheia '26, '27
Vice-President Fidelio '26, '27

Isn't it usually true that the pleasingly plump are exceptionally good hearted and merry? This certainly is true of our honorable vice-president. Flora is always doing something for someone else — "an ever present help in time of trouble." She finds life a jolly affair, and is famous for her management of a successful "Bridge Hall" in her suite. She delights in scaring, almost to distraction, the unwary with a certain little stuffed alligator that made a mysterious appearance not so long ago.

VIRGINIA WILLISTON SMITH

"Gin", "Ginnie"

Westfield, Massachusetts

Two years

Entertainment Committee '27 — Fidelio '26
Arm Band '27 — Class Hockey Team '27
Choir '27 — Senior Play '27

Oh, Ginnie, where did you get those eyes? Not to mention all the rest of your charming person! Ginnie is a very suitable buddy for Lee. They are both at their best when with each other. We will never forget the joyous sounds that issued forth from Room 69 and 71 in the wee small hours when their imaginary, big parade goes by. Ginnie is another cheerful person who is welcome wherever she goes. If you hear Ginnie laugh, something inside of you goes off — you have to laugh with her.

DOROTHY FARWELL SPEAR

"Dot"

Bangor, Maine

Three years

Bible II Play '25 — Fidelio '26, '27
Senior-Mid Plays '26

Ah! Our Intervale song, "So we could read all night, not Math. or Psyc., but romances galore." This surely rang true with Dot and Flora — one, and sometimes two mails a day! But Dot's all right, and we hope that she will be very, very, happy. We could not do without her either, for who would turn pages for all the recitals without jerking the music? None other than Dot. She's from the cold and "frizzily" north, too, but anyone who needs help will find that Dot's heart is from the sunny south.

AYLMER STANTIAL

Melrose, Massachusetts

Two years

Fidelio '26, '27 Choir '26, '27

Arm Band '27

Almost every one is "at home" doing one thing or another, but Aylmer is very, very much at home on ice skates. Not only does she like the sport and balance herself well, but she is very sure and graceful while doing fancy skating. It is a joy to watch her. This is not her only accomplishment for she is one of "Mother" Burnham's devoted pupils and has sung for us well several times. Your constant good humor is another asset, Aylmer, and it will help to bring you happiness in life.

BEATRICE ALINE STEPHENS

"*Bea*"

Somerville, Massachusetts

Smith Two years

Business Manager *Courant* '26, '27

Posture Honor Roll '26, '27 Arm Band '26

Senior Play '27 Fidelio '26

What would we do without Bea when it's time to dance? She has never been known to disappoint us, no matter how many other things there are that she would rather do. This is just one example of her amiability and good nature. We have never seen her out of sorts or heard her say a cross word. Her aesthetic tastes are proved by the fact that she shines on the *Courant* Board, and by the picture gallery which she has in her room. We might add that pictures of the opposite sex appeal to her most.

ALICE WILMOT STONEBRAKER

"Al"

Hagerstown, Maryland

Two years

Class Secretary '26 Fidelio '26
Track Team '26 Track Numerals '26
Class Hockey Team '26

Alice is known from Ella by her long hair — but that is the only way you are really sure that she is not her twin; even yet people call her "Ella". Fortunately, she is very good-natured and accepts the wrong name with a patient smile. She is the songster of the corridor; she sings whenever she is happy. Her favorite song, we judge, is "Tenderly" — and the far-away look in her eyes hints of whom! Correspondence is one of the twins' favorite sports. It is serious enough so that we virgins, who have neglected to replenish our supply of stamps, are always able to buy them from the maidens across the way. To whom do these many letters go, Al?

ELLA HEARD STONEBRAKER

Hagerstown, Maryland

Two years

Hockey Numerals '26 Class Hockey Team '26
Arm Band '26 Fidelio '26
Track Team '26

Sisters are renowned scrappers, but Ella and Alice are exceptions. They even roomed together for two years, and did not separate at Intervale. We began to miss our gemini dressing alike in the Senior year, but we suppose that Alice is showing her authority as the elder. The Manse will always remember the Stonebrakers — their feet just couldn't resist turning right at the corner of Locke and Main Streets.

HARRIET SULLIVAN

"Hat"

New London, Connecticut

Six years

Junior Glee Club '22 — Fidelio '23, '24, '25
Class Secretary '25 — Class Vice-President '24, '26
Class Treasurer '27 — School Cheer Leader '27
Northfield Delegate '26 — French Play '26
Arm Band '25 — Senior-Mid Play '26
Philomatheia '26, '27 — Class Book Board '27
Draper Dramatics '26
Tea Dance Committee '26

"May I have the next dance, Hat?" "No, I'm sorry; but the fourth?" Hat delights in dancing, and is a most sought-for partner. A familiar sight is our neat little treasurer, clad in a gray coat and red hat, sprinting down, at the last minute, to the Bank — to deposit belated class dues, no doubt! She has the distinction of being the only six-year member of the class of 1927; how many friends she's made during those years! We shall always remember the surprise that Hat gave us, as well as herself — instead of being utterly bored with the four days' Intervale trip, she had a perfectly glorious time. She almost made reservations for the entire winter at the Hotel Bellevue.

SYDNA VICTORIA WHITE

"Syd"

Waban, Massachusetts

Two years

A. D. S. '26, '27 — Class President '26, '27
Fidelio '26, '27 — Student Council '27
Draper Dramatics '26 — Arm Band '27
Senior-Mid Play '26 — Choir '26, '27
Entertainment Committee '26

Just wind Syd up, and watch her perform: first it will be some dramatic scene, perhaps as an ardent lover; then she will bring the organ to life with tremuloes and rich swellings; then, in addition, deep contralto notes will issue forth from her concealed music-box. We all look up to Syd, — to where she reigns over our class from her elevation among the clouds.

One Year Girls

HELEN CONNOLLY

Newburyport, Massachusetts

Smith — One year

"Helen Connolly wanted on the telephone." What a familiar call this is on the second floor front! If she's not wanted on the telephone, someone is waiting to see her in the Drawing room. Such a popular young lady! Helen is the class song-bird — she is always gay, and takes delight in making others happy. She and "Squeeze" are noted for being model roommates. We are wondering if Helen will follow in the footsteps of her distinguished French-scholar sister.

MARY BELLE MAXWELL

Ardmore, Oklahoma

Wellesley — One year

Honor Roll '27 — Q. E. D. '27

Mary Belle who had never seen any snow before! At least not in a great quantity! And what do you suppose she did? She came here as a one-year girl; worked very, very hard, and is actually going to graduate! That shows fine will power, and we are as glad as she. But she did not spend all of her time studying; some time must have been spent in being kind and thoughtful, for she was among the commended ones for conspicuous school helpfulness! She will always be happy in life if she continues helping others that way.

LOUISE POPE

"Squeeze"

Cleveland, Ohio

Wellesley One year

Basketball Team '27 Posture Honor Roll '27

Arm Band '27

One would never suppose Squeeze would be afraid of anything. Squeeze, who dauntlessly shot baskets on Bradford Day be afraid? But girls are cruel — Squeeze has all but cultivated grey hairs from hallucinations she has had in the corridor at night. She even has been heard screaming. Squeeze has become so attached to our canine friends that she can hold conversation with them in inimitable yaps. We are thinking of presenting her with a real waggly-tailed puppy — a compensation for our cruelty.

Calendar for 1926-1927

September	22	Andover flourishes once more.
September	26	Miss Bailey spoke to us in Chapel.
September	28	New–Girl Old–Girl Dance — Debut of greenhorns.
October	3	Rev. Markham W. Stackpole. Mad rush for front seats.
October	5	Senior Picnic — Maids' Night Out.
October	16	Mrs. Frentz — Lady Robin Hood.
October	17	Rev. Ralph Harlow. Student Friendship Fund — "May I make your bed, clean your room?" "25 cents!"
October	19	Masquerade.
October	26	Dedication of Organ and Faculty Reception. Mr. Howe's seventh heaven.
October	27	Abbot Movies. As others see us.
October	30	Miss Pendleton. Cum Laude.
November	6	Mr. James Friskin. Miss Friskin masculinized.
November	7	Miss Kelsey. "The Drapers". Harriet Nash — 2nd McDowell Concerto in D Minor.
November	9	Mrs. Burnham's recital.
November	10	Abbot Movies. "I see me!"
November	17	Bradford Day.
November	28	Miss Hammond. Readings from "The Ring and the Book".
November	30	A. D. S. Play.
December	6	Mr. Ellsworth — "Dr. Johnson".
December	11	Andover children's Christmas tree.
December	12	Christmas service.
December	13	Radcliffe Choral Society.
January	18	Senior-Mid Plays.
January	22	J. J. Joachim — "India". India on our honeymoon itineraries.
January	27	Mid-year exams — Climbing the mountains.
January	30	President Marshall of Connecticut College.

February	1–3	Intervale.
February	5	Abbot luncheon.
February	8	C. Pillsbury on "The Secrets of the Flowers".
February	12	Mr. Potter's recital.
February	13	Dr. J. E. Park.
February	16	Winter Carnival — Rivaling Dartmouth.
February	19	Hart House. String Quartet.
February	21	Holiday weekend.
March	1	Miss Friskin's recital.
March	8	Miss Hammond — Readings from Sophocles and Euripides — Benefit Loyalty Fund.
March	24	Winter term ends. "Home James!"
April	6	Spring recess ends.
April	10	Miss Bailey.
April	16	Les Beaux Arts — Illustrated lecture on European galleries.
April	17	Dr. Nehemiah Boynton. Easter service.
April	19	Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy. "The Chastening".
April	24	Mr. Stackpole.
April	26	Spanish Play.
April	27	Gym and Rhythmic exhibition.
April	30	Debate — Q. E. D.
May	1	Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D.
May	3	Faculty recital — Benefit Loyalty Pund.
May	4	Abbot Birthday Cabaret.
May	6	Andover Alumnæ Celebration — Movies. Field Day.
May	7	Odeon — Readings from Modern Poets.
May	8	Mr. and Mrs. McElroy.
May	10	Miss Nichols' recital.
May	14	Senior Prom.
June	9	Exams.
June	11	Rally Night and Draper Dramatics.
June	12	Chapel. Miss Bailey. Baccalaureate.
June	13	Garden Party. Commencement concert.
June	14	Commencement.

Class History

The dragon of trouble and many years
Obstructed the road to success.
He rattled his scales of worry and care
And breathed the smoke of stress.

A Knight, to kill this dragon fierce,
Set out on a five years' quest.
Flying his colors of red and white,
He girded himself for the test.

Clasping his belt of forty odd links,
He hung thereto his sword,
Sydna its light, his guiding force
In which his faith was stored.

Placed he then his silver shield,
Flora, on his wrist;
Clanked his spurs with grim intent —
Girt for speed, I wist.

Over his shoulder his trumpet he slung,
Kay Keany, to herald the deed;
Hat, as his purse, to gain him supplies;
So — mounted his dappled steed.

Started he in '22
The journey ahead of him rough,
By '27 the den was in sight —
He hid not his courage in bluff.

Dauntless he rode to confront the beast
Which heaved in convulsive start.
Foiled him the Knight with rapier swift,
And lunged at its evil heart.

One by one its scales clanked down
Lifeless, conquered, to earth —
The dragon of work was defeated quite;
Sir Knight, our class, proved his worth.

This valiant Knight, careworn, yet brave,
Will ever be famed for his skill;
He'll add to his score other victories bold —
More disturbing monsters he'll kill.

The waving banner of Knight '27
Now hangs in a hall of fame;
Each flap a sign of lusty toil —
It carries on his name!

Class Will

We, the Class of 1927, Abbot Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, being of moderately sound mind and pleasant memories, do hereby bequeath our worldly possessions as follows:

First, To the Class of 1928:

1. The joy of cutting pies into ten pieces, one of which must be small.
2. Daily inspirations for conversation with the faculty escorted from dinner.
3. The short-cut through the Senior Parlor to the Basketball court.
4. A key that works for the Senior Parlor door.
5. Knee screens for those in the front row in Chapel.

Second, To Individuals:

1. To Miss Chickering we leave an extra window to open.
2. We leave an extra bowl of gravy for Miss Johnson's private use.
3. Foot stools for the Faculty in Chapel.
4. Percussion with traps to Miss Friskin as a preservation for the Music Bay floor.
5. Mim leaves her Stu. G. gavel to the next Stu. G. President with the hint that a torpedo beneath its thump will be more effective.
6. Decem leaves an unsound-proof wall to the next occupant of Room 52.
7. Lee leaves her evening dress to Mary Piper.
8. Ellen leaves a few curls to Kay Bowden.
9. Dot French leaves her talkative nature to Jane Linn.
10. Lo leaves her front seat in the Episcopal church to Emily Sloper, with the hint not to stand on the cushion.
11. Nancy leaves Box 82 to Gwen Jones for it brings an endless supply of mail.
12. Hat leaves her great big voice to Anne Miller.
13. The Stonebrakers leave the example of their sisterly affection to all roommates.

Third, To the School:

1. "Lazy Susans" for the dining tables.
2. A fireman's pole for the tower stairs, so that the faculty may go down to meals unmolested.
3. Escalator to replace Chapel stairs.
4. Wicker chairs for Room 1 in McKeen.
5. Mail chutes from all floors.
6. A davenport outside Miss Bailey's office.

Class Prophecy

Weird notes squawked their scaley succession through the open door of a garret studio in the Latin quarter of Paris. As I passed the portal, whom should I spy but Ruth Nason! I dragged her to my room, disregarding the offending violin, and we commenced a tête á tête.

Ruth told me that she was practicing a difficult passage in Hen Nash's recent composition, a symphonic opera, *Coleopterus*. "What", I exclaimed, "one of my classmates so illustrious?"

Mim has an important part on the kettle-drums. Hat is the leader! She is noted for her trim appearance in a feminine cutaway, and her well-trained pompadour. Of course Hen played the piano. Sydna has the leading part, and Ellen supports her admirably as the second lady. Ruth insisted on my going to the opera that night, then having a dinner afterwards with my old classmates. The opera was beautiful, strangely suggestive of McDowell.

At dinner I learned the whereabouts of the other members of '27. Ruth heard that Aylmer has gone to Japan with her twin to do missionary work. Mary Roe has written a clever parody on the *Odyssey*.

Hen amused us all by saying, "No kidding, Amesse is corrupting the whole western U. S. A. with her views in her lectures on the uselessness of Sunday Schools! And, listen, Puss has found a duke for her third husband; she wasn't satisfied with an earl!" Hen also revealed Decem's whereabouts in New Hampshire, where she runs a Girls' Camp. Edna Marland is the mother of three little redheads. Peg Nay has some marvelous Kentucky racers in her riding establishment. Squeeze provides hounds for fox-hunts, but she explicitly demands that they have special attention.

Mim had just been to an Olympic Meet where Lucy Sanborn was the head coach in all sports. Kay Farlow is their hockey coach, and Jerry is head of basketball. Helen Connolly is president of Boston's Women's Bridge Club.

Hat gave us the news that Mary Ayers has been soliciting for the Y. W. C. A. in the state of Ohio. Dot Spear is in her element, running her own company of sightseeing busses for touring Maine; her central office is in Bangor. Squint and Prip have started collecting all species of goldfish; when they complete their aquarium, they will exhibit it in all the important cities. Harvey is a duchess, isn't that just what we expected?

Polly wrote Syd that Dot French and Emily have started a kindergarten department at Abbot. One evening Polly tuned in on station W E A F, she heard Dyer's voice announcing a lecture to be given by Peg Creelman, who is now

an eminent authority on sciences. Syd ran into Paton's one day and almost collided with Peg Cutler, who is the shop's head model. Peg had news that Peg Knowlton, an actress in one act plays, produced by an exclusive Boston Theatre company, fills the house every evening with ardent admirers. Jane Graves is the president of a scientific society in Concord, New Hampshire. And June Hinman is married and lives in a cozy little appartment on Beacon Street.

Ellen heard from home that Jane Fitch's paintings were being included in a revised edition of Gardener's *Art Through The Ages*. Gertie has performed miraculous operations in a New York hospital. Lee, who came through a serious case of appendicitis under Gertie's care, continually philosophizes on the value of women surgeons. Before Ellen came abroad, she went to see Abbot once more, and, en route, stopped in at the "Sign of Castor and Pollux," a tea shop on Salem Street, run by Ginnie and the Twins. When Ellen bought her travelling clothes, she discovered Bea's exclusive gown shop on Boylston Street.

Kay Keany's poems in the *Atlantic Monthly* have attracted the notice of many of our class. Ruth Perry has become so expert at the revived game of croquet, that now she translates Greek passages while playing professional matches. Flora expects to celebrate her fifteenth wedding anniversary by a Mediterranean trip. Mary Bell is spending every winter at the Lake Placid Club. Nat has entered her daughter in Abbot for 1943. Nancy, although married, has kept up her interest in Pre-school education, and lectures on its value in Boston's vicinity.

"Well, what are you doing in Paris, Lo?" asked Syd.

I concealed a protruding paint brush in the lining of my threadbare coat.

Class Statistics

(*As voted by the Class*)

Best dressed	Pope, Cutler
Infant prodigy	Creelman
Most influential	Houdlette
Most capable	Sanborn
Cutest	Burns
Best natured	N. Kimball, A. Stonebraker, Graves
Prettiest	Connolly
Neatest	Humeston
Absent minded	White
Done most for Abbot	Sanborn, Houdlette
Democrat	Nason
Grind	Marland
Best looking	Nash
Versatile	Nash
Class Bluffer	Miller
Popular	Houdlette
Athlete	Sanborn
Optimist	Maxwell
Diplomat	L. Kimball
High hat	Nash
Pessimist	Spear
Meekest	House
Original	Amesse
Wittiest	Knight

Through Father Time's Spectacles

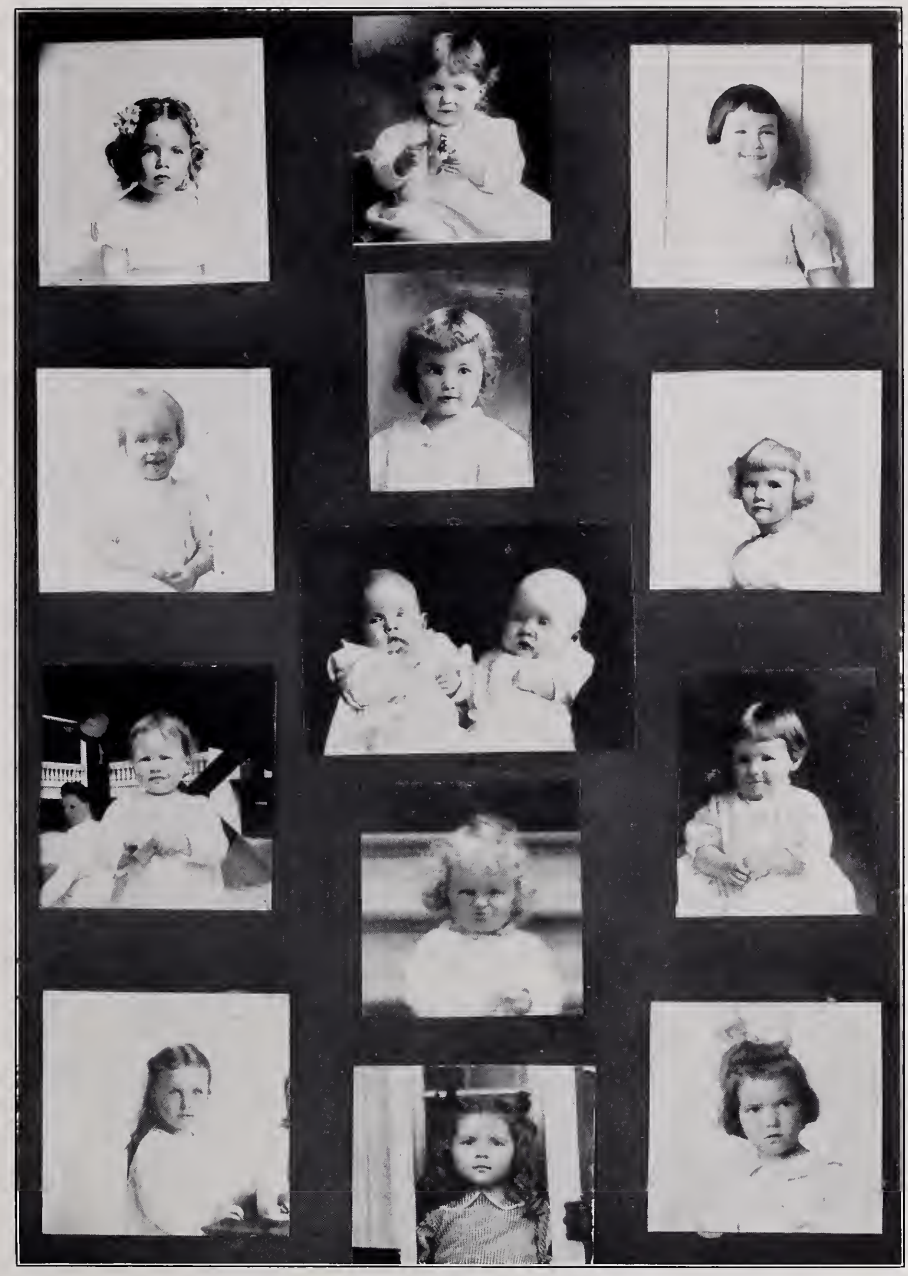
What is this group of children? Ah, yes, they are youngsters "prepping" for Abbot at a boarding nursery. Aren't they a jolly lot! There seems to be one little girl, extremely tall for her age, and rather thin, but quite a ring leader. Oh! it's Sydna! Who are these two rolling pudgies underfoot, quarreling lustily over a ball? Surely not Dyer and Amesse!

Here's a sociable group by the little piano in the corner. Now that's a child with real talent — see, she even plays with all her fingers. Did you say she was called "Hen"? That active young miss dancing from side to side is certainly rapid in turning the pages of that upside-down hymnal! I think she is Dot Spear, if I am not mistaken. Here comes little Mim with a hammer! Can she be a disturber of the peace? Why, the little dear, she is merely tapping every hard object with a gentle rap-rap-rap! But no! she mustn't hit that bottle of red ink! Stop her! — It's too late! Look! we must stop that reddish stream from dripping on baby Jane Graves' head! Her mother will be hysterical to find a red-headed infant on her return! Now here's a dear, with an alphabet book on her lap; listen to her lisping "I. O. U., U. O. I."! Little Hat has no idea how much she'll have to do with these three interchangeable letters!

Look at that bunch! If it isn't pretty little Ruth Harvey and Puss — yes, and I believe I see Prip and Decem, dressed up in the nurses' hats and coats, playing papa, mamma, and family on the window-seat. Just listen to those blue-eyed Twins cooing on the same note of delight! And young Lee and tiny Ginnie giggling as much as they can!

And now, did you ever see such charming sport? See little Gertie rocking contentedly on that hobby horse, and Squeeze "woofing" her toy terrier at the stirrups! There's Jerry tossing a rubber ball, twice as large as she, into the scrap-basket. This is rather a dangerous sport — That is wee Peggy Creelman behind the gate on the stairs playing post office. My! isn't that other child happy to receive so many letters! Did you say she was Bea? So *this* is Lucy jumping from design to design on the rug. Isn't she an active youngster! Why look at little Nancy flirting with Phillip out the window!

But see! some youngster is banging the dinner gong in the hall! Well, if it isn't Polly, just able to reach it! Watch them all rush down to their luncheon. This little dawdler will surely miss the blessing! You'd better hurry, Ellen!



Intervale

What fun to recall some of the amusing memories of our four days spent at Intervale! This gay time of reaction is our best Senior privilege.

One of the best memories, and yet sometimes, when we're about to starve during the fourth or fifth period, the most aggravating, is that memory of the delicious food which came in endless quantity for the mere asking or writing. Then, too, there was time to sleep if the funny snow implements for the hill or skiis or toboggans held no enticements. The best fun was the bacon bat with three roaring bonfires beneath cathedral woods, bacon, cheese and toast with other tempting things, followed by songs. Then there was the memorable "trailing tour" with its dumps and slidings, and the affection of stray hounds for the last trailers!

Between eating, sleeping, and playing we managed to find time to learn our songs to tell the underclassmen what was in store for them under the wonderful management of our friend, Mr. Bassett.

Intervale Songs

MEDLEY

(Tune — "*Tonight's my night with Baby*")

We've been away, we're back once more,
We're cut and bruised, and dreadful sore.
But with it all we're happy!
We've skated, and we've snowshoed, too,
We fell till we were black and blue.
But with it all we're happy!
Every night was daytime,
The day was such a gay time,
Both night and day were playtime.
No thought or care was found up there!
And if you study hard next year,
You'll get there too, so never fear,
You'll shine in every mid-year.

(Tune — "*You gotta know how to Love*")

But you gotta know, you gotta know how to pass them,
You gotta know, you gotta know what to write,
You gotta know how to string your teachers a line,
They'll think it's fine,
Give you an A+ every time.
You gotta know how to keep out of mischief,
You gotta smile and always do what's right.
And we can say that if you follow this rule,
You'll be the first class in school
To do it.

(Tune — "*Carry me back to Old Virginny*")

Carry me back to Intervale
There's where the cookies, steaks, and pies and waffles grow.
There's where the bells never call you to classes,
There's where the lights in your rooms will ne'er burn low.

(Tune — "*So We Could Dance all Night*")

So we could read all night,
Not Math or Psyc,
But Romances galore.
The chef was new,
An improvement too
O'er the years that have passed by.
The stars were bright,
Oh what a sight!
For you a treat's in store!
Oh! boy! what fun!
But now it's done.
Oh! how the time did fly!

(Tune — "*But a Half Moon is Better Than No Moon*")

But a short time is better than no time,
If it is spent up at Intervale.
No scruple or moral,
No wearisome choral,
No gym or rhythmic,
No studies at all!
Oh! what fun we've had at Intervale!

Teachers, teachers, tell to us
Why you all make such a fuss;
If our lessons we don't do,
What's the difference to you?

We all go to bed at night,
While you freely burn your light.
Why oh why, cannot we, too,
Burn the midnight oil like you.

You can eat whate'er you please,
Go to town for all your teas.
We consume a fruit or two,
And then starve the evening through.

We all shun the trousered sex,
Complications thus complex.
You can speak with whom you meet,
Even men upon the street.

But in spite of all our woes,
And the absence of our beaux,
Though you rarely think we're bright,
We will say that you're all right!

(*Tune — "A Little Bit of Heaven"*)

Sure, a little bit of Heaven
Fell from out the sky one day
And it nestled in New Hampshire
Not so many miles away.
And when the angels found it,
Sure, it looked so sweet and fair,
They said, "Suppose we leave it
For it is so peaceful there."
So, they sprinkled it with sunshine
Just to make the pine trees grow.
They're the finest ones that can be found
No matter where you go.
And they placed the mountains round it
Just to keep away the gale,
And when they had it finished,
Sure, they called it Intervale!

|| Grow, Golden Beech,
Our bonds to hold together.
Grow, Golden Beech,
Grow to spread your circling shadow.||
Raise up your head and grow;
See fair fields spread before you;
The heavens urge and call to you.
Grow, Golden Beech,
Grow to spread your circling shadow.

|| Upward forever,
To breathe the wind of living.
Upward forever,
Lift and spread your branches outward. ||
Fear not, if storms blow hard;
See old boughs there bent skyward;
Then onward grow where skies are starred.
Upward forever,
Lift and spread your branches outward.

Lois Kimball '27

Parting Hymn

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come
: I do not fear to see; :
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love
Through constant watching wise.
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
: And to wipe the weeping eyes; :
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship of hearts
: To keep and cultivate; :
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord, on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
: While keeping at thy side; :
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

MIDDLEMEN

SENIOR MIDDLE CLASS

Senior Middle Class

Class Colors — Yellow and White

Class Song

Onward class, whose flashing colors
Of the gold and white
E'er will blend with Abbot's banner
Of the truth and right.
Here our friendships firm and loyal
Here our standards true
Give us strength to win.
When we fight to win
Oh Abbot, our praise to you.

Officers of First Semester

President	Virginia Gay
Vice-President	Jean Swihart
Secretary	Elizabeth Whitney
Treasurer	Josephine Paret

Officers of Second Semester

President	Janet Cunningham
Vice-President	Emily Sloper
Secretary	Constance Rundlett
Treasurer	Ruth Cushman

K. Adams
F. Anderson
L. Anthony
I. Bartlett
E. Bird
C. Bliss
K. Bornemann
J. Cunningham
R. Cushman
D. Dow
L. Dunn
M. Elmer
J. Frederick
V. Gay
E. Gordon
F. Gould
M. Graham
S. Heaney
M. Hirst
E. Hollis
L. Hyde
E. Jackson
D. Jennings
B. Lane
H. Leavitt
E. Leech
M. McIntosh
M. Nivison
D. Noyes
J. Paret
M. Piper
V. Pontious
M. Quin
S. Ripley
K. Ross
C. Rundlett
E. Ryan
E. Schuh
N. Sherman
E. Sloper
E. Small
Marian Smith
Millicent Smith
L. Snell
J. Swihart
T. Talcott
L. Tobey
B. Vail
C. Ward
B. Wentworth
E. Whitney
P. Whittemore
K. Willauer
E. Wright

The Senior Reflects

BEFORE AND AFTER — A Play in Two Acts

Dramatis Personae

A Slim Miss
A Buxom Lass
Fairbanks Scales

Scene: *The Corrective Room containing a pair of Fairbanks Scales flanked by a chair and a full length mirror.*

Time: *Any day at Abbot.*

Act I

Two giggling girls heard outside.

Scales

Hello! I wonder who's coming now to get weighed. I'll be glad when summer comes; then I'll get a good long rest. I'm almost worn out now from being stepped on by all these heavy people.

The Slim Miss and the Buxom Lass enter gayly. Slim Miss hastily steps on the scales, with coat and hat still on. Adjusts balance.

Scales

(*Click, click!*) What a relief! Would that all my young lady customers were as light and gentle as this one. Ah well, such is a scales' life.

Slim Miss

(*To Buxom Lass*): Oh, isn't this discouraging! I spent all last summer trying to gain ten pounds, and I've *lost* five of them already. What will my family do?

Steps slowly from the scales, and sits down on the chair, a very unhappy Miss.

Buxom Lass with hat, coat, and shoes removed, steps clumsily onto the scales.

Scales

(*Clank, clank!*) Ouch, ouch, I wish I'd never been born. Whew!

Buxom Lass

(*To Slim Miss*) Look! I've lost a pound — just because I've given up eating potatoes. Isn't that wonderful! I'm *never* going to the *Food Shop* or the *Manse* again. I'm determined to lose. It must be marvelous to be as thin as you.

Slim Miss

Oh no, it's not. You wouldn't like it because your family would always be complaining, and making you eat fattening things. I know, my family is always nagging at me.

BUXOM LASS

(*Now in front of mirror viewing herself*).

Well, anyway, I'm going to try to lose; then I'll see what they say.

SCALES

I agree with you, Buxom Lass; it would be better all 'round for you to lose weight.

The Slim Miss and the Buxom Lass go out, leaving the Scales to suffer in silence.

ACT II

SCENE: *The same.*

TIME: *Three weeks later the same young ladies enter.*

SCALES

Good, here comes that cute young Miss again. She looks just about the same as she did three weeks ago.

SLIM MISS

Daintily steps on the scales and weighs herself, and happily discovers that she's gained a pound and three-quarters.

That's a bit better, but I have a long way to go yet.

SCALES

But I hope you will always be as gentle.

BUXOM LASS

Again with hat, coat, and shoes removed, and looking somewhat thinner, but who will always be awkward, jumps onto the scales. Quickly pushes the weight up the scales.

SCALES

Oh dear, some people always rub me the wrong way. They are so annoying.

BUXOM LASS

Tipping the scales at six pounds less than the time before.

I knew I could lose. Oh, I'm so thrilled! *Jumps up and down on scales.*

SCALES

(*Badly bruised and shaken up*). Goodness, gracious me! Thank goodness she has lost a few pounds, at last, for if she weighed much more, I'm sure she would have trampled me to pieces. Oh, we who suffer in silence!

NANCY KIMBALL '27

"Fish, Ice-Cream and . . ."

A suppressed feeling of excitement pervades the atmosphere of Draper. As the hands approach nine o'clock general unrest spreads like wild-fire through the building. The door bell buzzes, and an instant later the bell announcing the end of study hour rings. A door slams, a sound of running feet, a triumphant laugh, an excited giggle, and the filtering up from below of a faint, disquieting odor of *Lucky Strikes*. As the maid rushes along the hall calling out one name repeatedly, I settle back with a relieved sigh to steady work on Latin prose. With slow comprehension I realize it's only Friday night — and callers!

PAULINE HUMESTON '27

Ecstasy

Sunday evening — girls chatter down the steps of Abbot Hall after chapel. I cannot speak. The inspiration of the speaker has lifted my thoughts from their prosaic path. I dream. I soar — . The fresh snow has piled in deep rolling swerving drifts. The bare dark trees are outlined with it. The circle is a huge birthday cake — all frosty white; the snow is squeaky under our feet. The beauty of it all leaves me breathless. I am opposite the lovely gate with its soft light; I look back at Abbot Hall — white columns — round shining light — snow-covered steps. The frail feathery birch tree is silhouetted against the black sky. The diamond stars — the little dipper — they make my heart almost burst. My precious little time is going — I am almost to the door. I never am able to complete the magic circle. I am dismayed. The spell has gone. More inspiration — more changing shadows on snow — more stars — next Sunday night?

MARY BELLE MAXWELL '27

The Chapel Bell

There's a bustle in the morning
That starts the busy day;
There's a hurry-worry atmosphere
That drives all thought away;
There's a bell that clangs its warning
To those who loiter late;
Who can forget the chapel bell
That rings as sure as Fate!

HELEN CONNOLLY '27

Refugee Parade

A gong sounds and crowds of people pour forth from the big brick building. They shove and jostle each other in a useless attempt to hasten the leaders. A fitful murmur of conversation arises. One hears various languages: French, German, Spanish, and even English. The bent figures with heavily laden arms toil painfully over the icy pavement. Progress is slow. The wintry blast chills them; they shiver and gather their shawls more closely about their heads.

One wonders how many nationalities are represented — in Abbot's daily refugee parade. MIRIAM HOUDLETTE '27

Diet and Health

It seems, as I look about school, that the girls are a particularly nice type. On the whole, they are a good-looking group, well dressed and of about the same conventional personality.

I personally think, however, that dieting both of food and of people, when not required, is rather obnoxious. Cocoa, toast, soft boiled eggs, half an orange for breakfast;creamed chicken on toast without mushrooms and peppers, custard pie and lettuce for lunch; tomato bisque, mashed potatoes and veal, creamed canned peas, and Washington pie for dinner, do not impress me as particularly enjoyable. I am in favor of a few green peppers and caraway seeds.

When letters are given at the end of the athletic season, the speech, for which we clap until our hands are raw, is "I'm glad to have played for Abbot". All very true, and nice — but rather a tame speech to hand out to such enthusiastic rooters. Why not be generous to these poor unfortunates who beg for cake?

"Oh, I'm afraid of making a fool of myself!" Why not play the fool occasionally if it means a sign of self-development. Everyone, who is interesting, makes mistakes — if only to prove he is not a machine.

After all, if we never put on the new shoes until we've walked in them, are we ever going to put them on, let alone walk in them? SYDNA WHITE '27

March Winds

March winds blew me into the world — perhaps that's why I love them so. When I am feeling blue and useless, a mere, unnecessary bit of dust, a cold, vigorous blast of wind lifts up my spirits as surely as it lifts my skirts. I sit on the hot, familiar radiator thinking, wondering, puzzling — I step out the door and a sudden gust releases a hidden spring within me so that, jack-in-the-box-like, something breaks loose. ELLA STONEBRAKER '27

Paris

Great drifts of soft blue rain
Beating 'gainst the gray stone
Of age-old churches.

Uneven roofs of broken slate
Dripping down upon the din
And hurry of the City.

Young lovers, arms entwined,
Whispering in the shadowed depths
Of dim, leafy parks.

Calm river flowing slowly
Watching ever o'er the city
Settled in sleep.

GERTRUDE DRUMMOND '27

An "If" For Abbot Girls

(*With thanks to the inspiration of Kipling's "If"*)

If while you are at School, you always proffer
Your friendly, helpful spirit at its best,
Not only to your roommate, also offer
The same to all your teachers and the rest;
If you can take a pleasure in successes
Of all your fellow classmates, without guile,
Then you'll be better able, when woe presses,
To take your bumps and bruises with a smile.
If for the love of sport you play with spirit
To get the thrill of team work with your chums;
Yet, if you are not chosen, do not rue it,
But try again, and hard when next year comes;
If you discover friends in just a few,
Forget not to rub shoulders with the rest,
Just strive a bit to know these others too,
And add a friendly note in work or jest.
If you consider Abbot's ever-burning
Increasing store of knowledge at your call,
If you but seize the gage of quiet learning,
There is a chance to profit by it all.
Though seasons end, and school-days soon are o'er,
You will have gained from Abbot, by your power,
The things to make you better evermore —
You will have truth and honor for your dower.

LOIS KIMBALL '27

Thursday, December Sixteenth

Clang, clang, clang. The rising bell starts on its daily 6.50 time. It doesn't ring once, nor twice, but three times, for that is its special privilege. As I rub sleepy eyes I wonder why it seems less mournful than usual — it is on the verge of being merry. Surely it can't be the weather for, unless my eyes deceive me, it is black and dreary, exceptionally cold, and rather hazy. What can be the occasion for all this mirth? Then suddenly I recall a few incidents of the previous evening's occupations. "Taking down all banners and leaving nothing but framed pictures on the wall", wildly cramming the bureau drawers into the closet, and finding "just one more thing" that must go into the trunk, finally closing the trunk only to think of numerous articles that were forgotten. Why, of course! How could I forget? This is the day we have all looked forward to for so long. We are going home for Christmas vacation! Before Jack Robinson himself could have uttered his name, I am out of bed. None of the usual excuses are offered for remaining in that warm spot. Down goes the window and on go the lights (if we are fortunate enough to have them). Dressing hastily, I put the last things into my suitcase and call someone in to sit on the top while I endeavor to close it. Then the breakfast bell and one hundred and fifty girls, all dressed in their very best, flock to the dining room where there ensues a hectic twenty minutes. I try to eat but find most of my time occupied in watching the hands of the clock "jump". At last it is ten of, and there is much pushing back of chairs; the "good morning line" forms and in two shakes the dining room is empty. Next comes chapel; twenty minute classes (which seem like twenty hours); and finally at ten-thirty we hear the last bell we are to endure for *three weeks!* There is a rush to rooms for suitcases, hats, gloves, and pocketbooks. At the radiator stands Miss Bailey — shaking hands with all the young ladies as they troop past her to the waiting Morrissey busses which are to convey them to the 10:52 train. It would be hard to find a happier group than these homeward-bound Abbot girls.

SYLVIA MILLER '27

To A Rose

The petals curl
    The color deepens,
How she droops
    Her pretty head;
The fragrant perfume
    Lasting, lasting —
Even tho' the rose is dead.

RUTH L. HARVEY '27

Down Where the Wee Folk Live

Down where the wee folk live
Tis the prettiest spot in Spring
Where the velvety moss grows green
They mark their fairy ring.
And there through the midnight hours,
With laughter of silvery bells —
(As they sip from their acorn cups
The wine the humming-bird sells) —
They scatter abroad sweet dreams
On the wings of the wee fire-fly.
Or sprinkle star dust around
From their airship, a dragon fly.
And when the dawn comes stealing,
To their flow'ry beds they creep
And under a rose petal cover
They pass the day in sleep.

LOUISE POPE '27

The Sacred Circle

Do you wonder what that little old man walking down School Street and looking this way is thinking? Let me tell you. He is thinking what well-behaved, perfectly-trained, and considerate girls the Abbot girls are. He is watching us pour out of chapel and turn to the left, following the drive which circles around to the McKeen building. Not one girl has attempted to cut across that wide expanse of green lawn in front of chapel and yet it would be much the quicker way, just to "dive" across there to McKeen. Not "since *his* day" has he seen youth so faultless. Can it be a mighty aversion to getting to classes? Some possibility in that, but little does the old man realize that that circle of grass is sacred, never so much as set foot on except on very, very gay occasions. Perhaps if he had come a little nearer he would have felt the hallowed atmosphere about it, for I think it *is* noticeable. Unaware, however, the old man goes on, feeling that, perhaps, after all, there is a little hope for the coming generation.

BEATRICE STEPHENS '27

Marks

Marks are perfectly awful things!
Just when I think I've been quite wise,
In happy mood, — heart in the skies
With lifted chin, and haughty eyes
Then, marks are perfectly awful things!

When I have worked both hard and long;
With care composed a theme or song
To get a *C* seems truly wrong.
Yes, marks are perfectly awful things!

Are we now working just for A?
And does this kind of study pay?
Let's work for knowledge day by day,
For marks are perfectly awful things! ELLEN FAUST '27

Paradise In 2000 A. D.

Charon jingled his golden oar locks in my face.

"Now, where did you come from, Mortal?"

"From Abbot Academy," I replied meekly.

Airplanes having been perfected, I had a notion I should like to fly in one to visit the Elysian Fields. Charon, upon hearing that Abbot was my Alma Mater, immediately guided me safely across the miry horrors to the gate. There, I beheld all the faculty, angels, everyone of them! But, no, Mr. Howe was denied admission for he had forgotten the name of the school; therefore Charon, in a state of suspicion, sent him away.

Just within the gates sat Miss Baynes going over the heavenly allowances, and Miss Hopkins correcting the gold leaf file of inmates and visitors. Upon perceiving me, she exclaimed,

"Why, are *you* here? *What* a surprise!"

"Oh, no! Just visiting, Miss Hopkins."

Then my guide led me further into the great Paradise where Miss Johnson appeared and grasped my pulse in greeting.

"I must see that you are carrying no evil into our land. You seem quite all right, but I shall give you a golden pill as a safeguard."

We left her regarding my rubberless feet skeptically. My guide threw a cloak over my shoulders, thus rendering me invisible. I was then left to wander about the cloudy vault at will. Suddenly Miss Bailey floated around a golden pillar.

"Good morning, young ladies!"

Circling the group, I discovered Miss Mason parting the cloud beneath her. I gasped. She dropped her spectacles through, and timed their downfall until they plopped into Pomps' Pond. She beamed upon Miss Kelsey in triumph.

"I knew it increased thirty-two feet per second, per second!"

But Miss Kelsey heard not a word. She was absorbed in following the records of her first Abbot class since their arrival in the heavenly altitudes, and was quite delighted to find that one of the class had just been awarded an Honor "H".

Passing on, I heard a familiar phrase.

"How many of you are quite sure," and surely enough, there was Miss Hammond philosophizing in the midst of a group consisting of Miss Chickering, Mrs. Craig, Miss Burt, Miss Baker and Miss Robinson. These five then pondered on their own feelings. Miss Chickering was mumbling rather vacantly, "Was I, or was I not? That is the question."

Mrs. Craig was crooning French poetry to a golden furred pussy. Miss Burt, looking amongst the clouds, suddenly upset Miss Baker's golden easel, and cried, "Look, isn't that just like the sea?" Immediately, Miss Baker commenced to transform the top of the South Church into a foamy sea of azure blue.

Gazing across a cloudy plain, I saw Miss Carpenter and Miss Ling aesthetically interpreting some heavenly strains produced by Miss Friskin at a solid gold piano, and by Miss Nichols and Miss McDuffee bowing on their ivory violins. Mrs. Burnham was humming as she watched. A little aside Mrs. Van Ness was painting the dancing figures with the brilliant addition of fiery wings.

Madame Riest was discovered, entirely happy that she had found some one who could understand her rapid loquacity.

About noon, I came across Miss Butterfield and Miss Putnam preparing a gorgeous luncheon of golden baked beans and brown bread, with a goldfish salad as a relish.

Miss Jenks, who forgot that animals have no souls, was searching every where for Pegasus before Miss Moses should find him.

Faint aromas of coffee drew me to a choice spot where Miss Grimes was drawing buckets of coffee from a hidden well. At a tinkle on the dot of five o'clock, the angelic host of faculty gathered around this grove, and were served all the coffee they could swallow.

The sun had gone down so that the golden pillars lost their brilliant lustre. I knew I should be departing. At the gate, Miss Bancroft was sorting over the spiritual messages that were ready for flight.

As I turned to get a last glimpse of those celestial fields, Mr. Scannell switched on the stars.

L. K.

Shower Baths

Were it not for the delightful reaction experienced, I should absolutely refuse to take the compulsory shower bath after "gym", for there is a repelling coldness and utter disregard for my comfort which makes showers most unappealing. The rubber sheets which refuse to swathe my natural modesty, the cold and slippery marble partitions and the slim serpent-like pipe which rears its flat round head over my quivering body are all to be avoided if possible. The first spurt of icy water which juts from the serpent pipe stings like an arrow and awakens me to shrieking dancing activity. Back and forth I jump, first pressed flat against one marble side, then clinging madly to the rubber sheet, vainly trying to escape the frozen stream. Not until reduced to the state of an icicle am I free and allowed to skip away, still shivering and rejoicing even in the comfort of a starched towel.

MARGARET CUTLER '27

The King's Chase

The King, Chamberlain, and all the Lords and Fellows and other Folk Rudd into a Littlefield where DeCamp was located near a Fountain. A Small Bird was Chickering over head, a cheery Piper of Bliss.

The Chase began with much Noyes. The Fox kept searching for Marland up and down the Vail and Ling between the White Graves where the Stonebrakers were at work. Oh! Howe the King swore in French and put on Ayers! Never was there Bornemann Osgood a shot as he. Levering his gun, he fired. the Fox Ross and fell in the Mead.

"Sherman", said he, "The Pope will Eaton that Cunningham!"

The Page carried the animal to the Stewart at the House, where they began to Skinner, and then Brown it, and Baker on a Blunt Spear. When it was Dunn, the Pope asked,

"Watson, are you Shaw you didn't Burnham?"

"Nay" replied the Butler, "Houdlette it cook till it Burns?

Then his Highness and everyone Ellis began to Rockwell and let out a Goodell of laughter.

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L. Kimball S. Miller, *Captain* L. Pope

Basketball Team

J. Swihart H. Nash, *Captain* G. Drummond

Tennis Team

S. Miller H. Nash H. Sullivan

Cheer Leaders

Bradford Day

Starting out on November 17th, trim and healthy from our diets of no coffee or pie, we cast off our P. T's and donned white sweaters and skirts and Abbot blue ties to wave in the frosty breeze.

A great swarm of little yellow and white caps heralded the Bradford girls' arrival across the circle.

After the welcoming songs, each girl found her guest and rushed for bank seats at the tennis match. Both singles and doubles were tense and close. Gertie and Jean backed each other into a victory for Abbot.

After croquet and clock golf, we went to Davis Hall where we dined in royal style. Before basketball and hockey, each school sang outside to Miss Coates and Miss Bailey, getting primed for the afternoon's contests.

The basketball game was swift and well-matched. Abbot was thrilled with her third victory of the day. Later came the hockey game. The teams flew, first toward one end of the field, then to the other! Everyone, even the P. A. boys, waited breathlessly for the final score — the last goal made the victory for Bradford. The total score for the day was a tie!

When Bradford left, there were many of us who wished they were not going to leave Abbot the coming June, for they wanted to compete with our sister school once more — Bradford Day is such fun!

Frances Flagg Saye Hirooka Adelaide Black

Honor "A" — 1926

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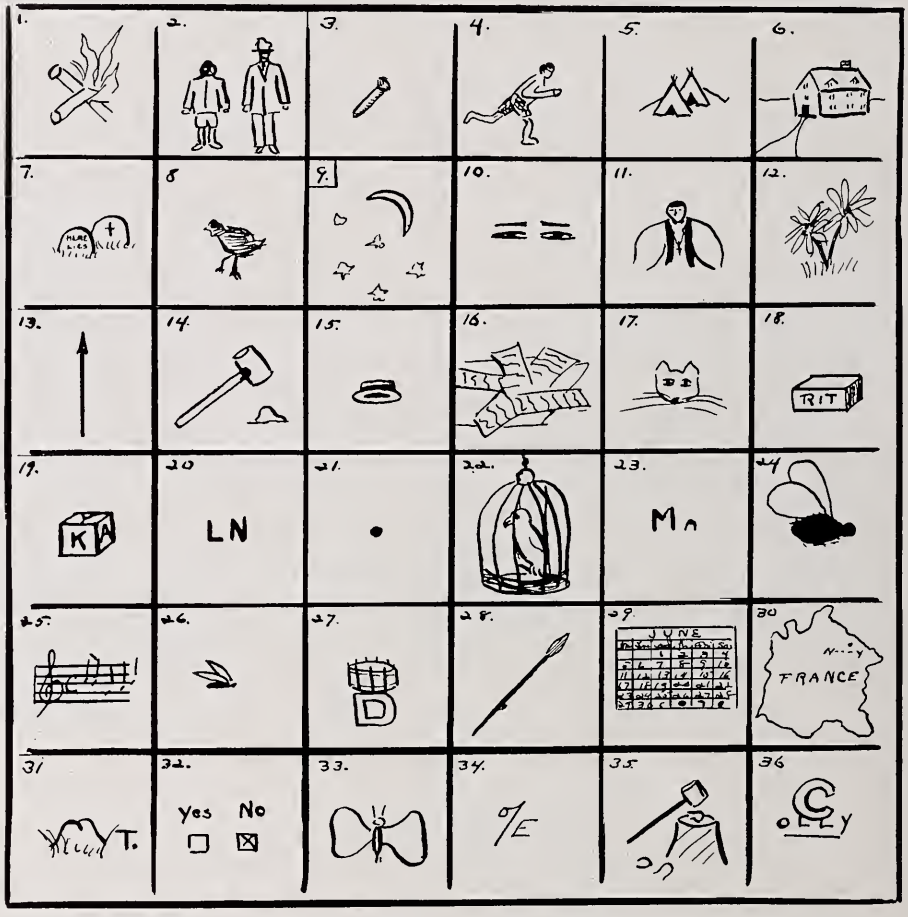
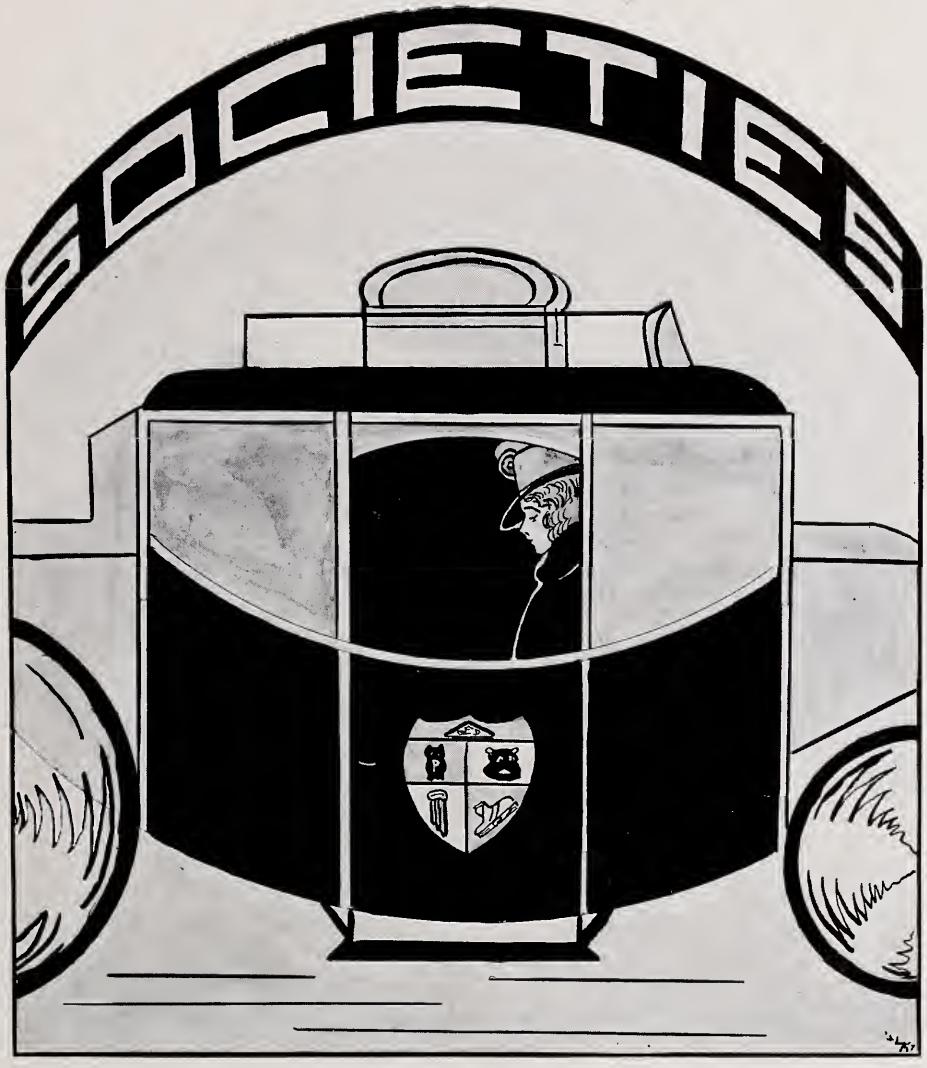
Symbolical Seniors

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Les Beaux Arts

1. Peg Cutler

A sport roadster
Spike heels
Paris frocks
Mischievous squeals.

2. "Amesse"

Coney Island
Fourth of July
Tin horns and
A polka-dot tie.

3. "Puss"

White lilacs
A colonial ball
Miniature beauty
Naive in all.

4. "Jerry"

Heirloom rare
April showers
Bubble of mirth
Wild spring flowers.

5. "Syd"

Rhythm rich
An organ roll
Mystic charm
Symphonic whole.

6. Helen Connolly

A dreamy waltz
Something rare
Yellow roses and
Curling hair.

7. Ruth Nason

A stately elm
Searching looks
A friendly nod
Good books.

8. "Lee"

Red pepper
Contagious giggle
An atomic jot
Forever awriggle.

9. "Hen"

Exotic harmony
Amber sheen
Deep waves
Glints between.

10. Mary Belle

Western breeze
Soaring ends
Pollyanna
Kindly friends.

DRAMATICS

Quality Street

Sir James Barrie must have been thinking of Abbot when he wrote *Quality Street*, the play which the Class of '27 presented as its Senior play. The play is perfectly suited for girls, acting of both men's and ladies' parts, and those particular parts seemed to be conceived just for the girls who played them.

The play is of some very sweet ladies who lived on the most genteel street of the town, at the time of the Napoleonic wars. It is Susan Throssell's ambition to have her adored younger sister, Phoebe of the ringlets, wear the wedding dress which Susan made in high hopes for her own wedding, but which never was used. Valentine Brown, the man of Phoebe's heart, enlists for nine-years' service in the army, thinking that it will thrill the sisters. He calls to tell his "great secret" and bid them farewell. Unfortunately, the sisters have guessed that this secret is that he loved Phoebe, and, in short, he is going to propose. Valentine, however, unaware of Phoebe's love for him, and of the heartbreak which he has caused, takes his leave.

As the sisters' money, invested because of Valentine's advice, has been lost, they open a small school for genteel children only. We find, to our dismay, nine years later that Phoebe has become old and weary. Valentine Brown, now Captain Brown, returns in hopes of taking the sisters to the ball. Saddened by Phoebe's age, and, of course, thinking that she would not care to go to the ball, he leaves the house. Phoebe, weary of being prim, dons a party dress; holds a ball of her own in the school room, when — Brown returns. As Valentine does not recognize her, she introduces herself as her own mythical niece. Valentine, having fallen for her charms, whisks her away to the ball.

While Phoebe, or rather "Livvy", arouses "frenzy in the breasts of all the males," Valentine discovers, in watching Livvy, that he has been in love all these nine years with Phoebe, who is so lovely, a "modest violet" in comparison with this flaunting flower, "Livvy", and sternly informs Phoebe of his discovery. Weary of this deception, Phoebe hides "Livvy" in the bed-room on pretense of being ill. Because of the watching of the neighbors, "Livvy" seems to be a fixture, for they cannot send her home. Valentine, to the amazement of the sisters, who think that he does not guess that Phoebe and "Livvy" are one, removes "Livvy" by packing a dummy in his carriage with the maid to deceive the watchers across the street — so, "gets rid of 'Livvy'." To the satisfaction of

all concerned, Phoebe Throssell becomes Phoebe Brown and they all live happily on.

Ruth Harvey, portrayed Phoebe of the ringlets, Phoebe the school marm, and Miss Livvy the flirt, with equal distinction. She was adorable as Phoebe; weary-hearted as the mistress; a vivacious flirt as Livvy. It is hard to say which Phoebe was best played. Ruth proved her skill by sustaining throughout the play, the true Phoebe at heart. Susan, played by Persis Goodnow, captured our hearts quite as much as Phoebe. We loved her confusion and quick exits when perplexing problems faced her, and her conscienceless stories toward the end of the deception to protect her Phoebe. A very fine performance, Persis!

Ah! That Valentine Brown — The dashing Mr. Brown. We congratulate Ruth Nason on conquering a difficult piece of characterization. She was one of the most successful "men" we have ever seen on Abbot's stage.

And as for the Misses Willoughby and Turnbull, they were perfect as the old maids.

Mrs. Gray, with her record of successful productions, enabled the Seniors, through her tireless coaching, to present a thoroughly enjoyable play presented in a thoroughly enjoyable way.

CAST

Miss Willoughby	Emily House
Miss Henrietta Turnbull	Ruth Perry
Miss Fanny Willoughby	Betty Lee Burns
Miss Susan Throssell	Persis Goodnow
Miss Phoebe Throssell	Ruth Harvey
Patty	Nancy Kimball
A Recruiting Sergeant	Priscilla Chapman
Valentine Brown	Ruth Nason
Master Arthur Wellesley Tomson	Helen Dyer
Ensign Blades	Sylvia Miller
Lieutenant Spicer	Virginia Smith
Three Little Boys	June Hinman, Harriet Sullivan, Pauline Humeston
Three Little Girls	Miriam Houdlette, Edna Marland, Katherine Keany
Ladies	Priscilla Chapman, Ellen Faust, Beatrice Stephens, Pauline Humeston, Dorothy French, Natalie Cushman, Margaret Creelman
Gentlemen	Margaret Nay, Harriet Nash, Lois Kimball, Gertrude Drummond

Senior Middle Plays

Pierrot's Mother

On Tuesday evening, January 18th, the Senior-Middlers presented, in honor of the Senior class, three one-act plays. As usual, Mrs. Gray's choice of plays was well made.

The first play *Pierrot's Mother* by Glenn Hughes, as its title suggests, is a quaint fantastic sketch, giving us a glimpse in the candlelit hours, of a misunderstood Pierrot and Pierrette who wander apart in search of ginger-cakes and feather-beds in which to sink their heavy hearts. Fortunately for them, they both wander, quite unknowingly, to the same house for shelter. Pierrot's mother reads between the lines, and the curtain drops with Pierrot and Pierrette happy once more, and setting off to cheer the world with their song and dance.

Elizabeth Jackson, the mother, made us all wish we could have her tuck us into a feather bed and feed us ginger-cakes and tea. Pierrot, played by Christine Bliss, was so charming a figure, that we could hardly understand his dear Pierrette's falling out with him. Pierrette, played by Dorothea Dow, was a half-fairy-like creature who realized our imaginary ideal of Pierrette most delightfully.

THE CAST:

PIERROT	Christine Bliss
PIERRETTE	Dorothea Dow
PIERROT'S MOTHER	Elizabeth Jackson

Miss Civilization

The second play, *Miss Civilization* by Richard Harding Davis, proved to be a modern comedy which kept us shivering with thrills and shaking with laughter. In order to keep her invalid mother from having a shock, and three burglars from escaping with loot stolen from her house, Alice Gardner, an attractive young girl, known to us as Jean Swihart, entertains three uninvited ruffian guests until the police arrive and arrest them. The burglars were not the sort of men you would like to meet on a lonely road. They were played with much dash and color by Josephine Paret, Virginia Gay and Katherine Willauer. We were so sorry when the play was over!

THE CAST:

ALICE	Jean Swihart
HATCH	Katherine Willauer
HARRY	Josephine Paret
REDDY	Virginia Gay
CAPTAIN LUCAS	Mary Alice McIntosh
TWO ENGINEERS	Theodora Talcott Marian Smith
TWO POLICEMEN	Helen Leavitt Elizabeth Small

The Golden Doom

A charming fantasy, *The Golden Doom*, by Lord Dunsany, completed the evening. Here the Senior-Middlers cleverly acted a rather difficult play — for amateurs. The odd situations, and twists and turns of a superstitious royal court, caused by the innocent child's play of two youngsters was very aptly presented by a well-picked cast. The cooperation of this cast should be applauded; it was one of the finest points of the evening.

THE CAST:

KING	Eleanor Leech
CHIEF PROPHET	Louise Hyde
FIRST PROPHET	Emily Sloper
SECOND PROPHET	Susan Ripley
FIRST SENTRY	Katherine Ross
SECOND SENTRY	Janet Cunningham
BOY	Louise Anthony
GIRL	Constance Rundlett
CHAMBERLAIN	Eleanor Gordon
STRANGER	Jean Frederick
FIRST SPY	Nancy Sherman
SECOND SPY	Katherine Adams
THIRD SPY	Priscilla Whittemore
BOY ATTENDANT	Elizabeth Hollis

A. D. S. Plays

Rising of the Moon

Lady Gregory's *Rising of the Moon* was impressively presented by the Abbot Dramatic Society. How the sergeants prowled about in search of the criminal who, in the guise of a ragged man, diplomatically swerved the head Sergeant's lust for reward to sympathy for the criminal, thus enabling the man to escape. Mary Alice McIntosh, as the chief Sergeant played her part well and with a zest. Ellen Faust, the Ragged Man, brought out all that character's shrewdness and wit.

THE CAST:

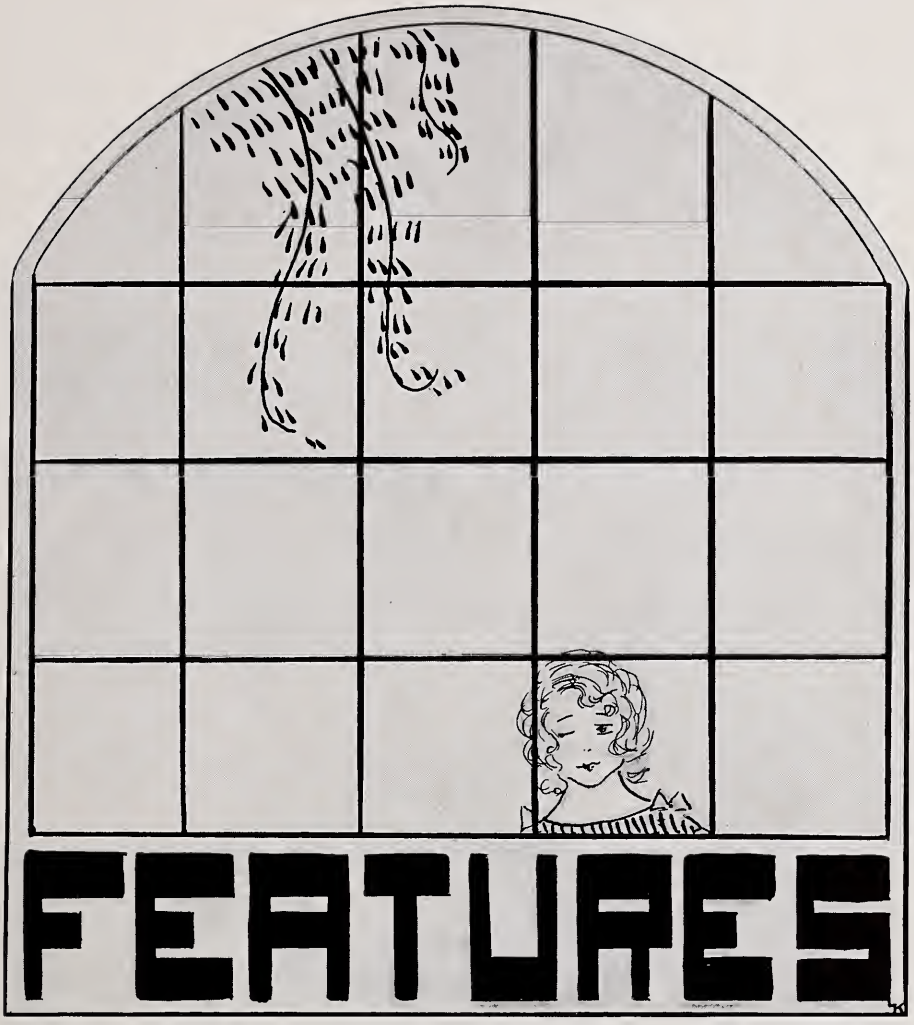
SERGEANT	Mary Alice McIntosh
A RAGGED MAN	Ellen Faust
POLICEMAN B.	Gertrude Drummond
POLICEMAN X	Sylvia Miller

Tickless Time

The audience was transformed from an uncanny suspense in *The Rising of The Moon* to a state of delightful amusement by the comedy, *Tickless Time* by Susan Glaspel. The absurd fancy of Ian Joyce was comically and cleverly acted by Sydna White as a most realistic fanatic inventor of a sun dial. Ruth Harvey as his wife, whose pet clocks, watches, and even her cook's kitchen alarm clock were buried by Ian, was charming. She was finally contented with her restored treasures.

THE CAST:

IAN JOYCE, *who has made a sundial*	Sydna White
ELOISE JOYCE, *wedded to the sundial*	Ruth Harvey
MRS. STUBBS, *a native*	Marjorie Knowlton
EDDY KNIGHT, *a standardized mind*	Sylvia Miller
ALICE KNIGHT, *a standardized wife*	Pauline Humeston
ANNIE, *who cooks by the Joyce's clock*	Gertrude Drummond


FEATURES

AD **A** MS
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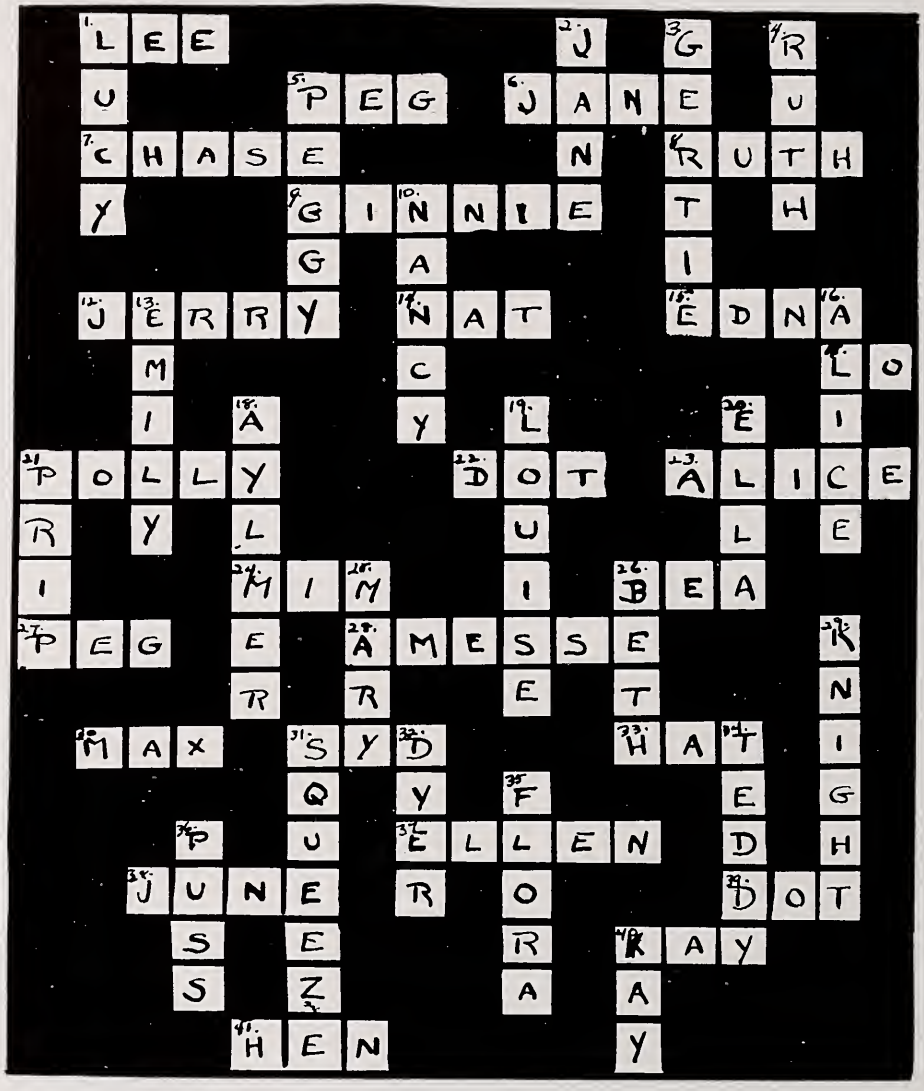
'27's Cross Word Puzzle



'27's Cross Word Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1. Our needle in the haystack.
5. Crazy over horses.
6. With fiery mane.
7. Right good mortar.
8. Our regal member.
9. Adept at Charlestoning.
12. Who is she? Go to Choral.
14. Of the insect species.
15. Seen often in the library.
17. A wee bit elongated.
21. The gong ringer.
22. Silently lovable.
23. One half.
24. Her first toy was a tom-tom.
26. Our class movie fan.
27. Our physics prodigy.
28. Source of suggestions.
30. A late member, but she had a long way to come.
31. A choir in one body.
33. She knows the "ins and outs" of Abbot.
37. Fancy walker.
38. She shies, but is perfectly safe.
39. Let George do it.
40. If you want activity, produce a hockey ball.
41. Our music box.

VERTICAL

1. Arm-banded and bechevroned.
2. Busy with a piece of charcoal.
3. One half of the Math. duet in the Senior Parlor.
4. Another steady supporter of the Honor Roll.
5. Andover's belles (Two in one).
10. Not as meek as she looks, nor as young.
13. Our happy member.
16. Instigator of the gold fish fad.
18. Our responsible member.
19. Emma's better half.
20. The other half.
21. First floor meals.
25. Flanked.
26. From the Zuider Zee.
29. Slow but sure.
31. She arrived with a bang.
32. Our class crier.
34. Equally pleasing at all angles.
35. The other half of the Math. duet.
36. One of our Venuses.
40. Our scribbler.

A Few Faculty Fundamentals

B.B. — Best Boss.
K.R.K. — Kareful Record Keeper.
N.M.M. — Never Makes Mistakes.
R.M.C. — Runs Many Classes.
M.E.B. — Mauls Epistles Beforehand.
J.H. — Judiciously Human.
R.S.B. — Remembers Stories Beautifully.
M.C. — Manages Callisthenics.
C.M. — Circle Marauder.
H.D.B. — History, Dates, Battles.
W.E.H. — Whangs Every Harpsichord.
K.F. — Keyboard Fame.
F.B.J. — Forever Busily Jumping.
F.B. — Fixes Banquets.

Symbolical Seniors' Solution

1. Burns
2. Chapman
3. "Peg"
4. Chase
5. DeCamp
6. House
7. Graves
8. "Hen"
9. Knight
10. "Squint"
11. Pope
12. Flora
13. Spear
14. Stonebraker
15. "Hat"
16. Amesse
17. "Puss"
18. Dyer
19. "Kay"
20. Ellen
21. "Dot"
22. "Polly"
23. "Emma"
24. "Bea"
25. Ayers
26. "Nat"
27. Drummond
28. Fitch
29. June
30. Nancy
31. Knowlton
32. Nay
33. Miller
34. Perry
35. Smith
36. Connolly

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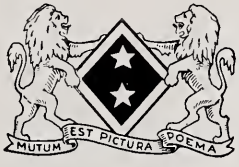

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